

cheered, warned, and encouraged to urge onward the sacred cause of freedom, by the soul-stirring speeches of Jonathan Miller, from Vermont, (better known by the cognomen of "colonel," of Greek celebrity,) the eloquent Phillips, the truth-spoken Bradburn, and many others, some with pantomical gravity. By this agreeable variety, were all tastes suited. But over and above all this, I would mention the spirit in which the business was conducted; it was most gratifying. The covering spread at times over the meeting, reminded me of the palmy days of our cause, and brought to recollection some of the meetings of the London Convention. Two other sittings were held in the Melodeon. On the evening of the sixth day, a meeting of the citizens of Boston was held in Faneuil Hall, to receive and hear the Irish Address, which is signed by Daniel O'Connell, Father Mathew, and sixty thousand Irishmen, to their fellow-countrymen on this side of the Atlantic ocean. I wish that I could convey a description of this enthusiastic meeting. My pen is insufficient for the task, and pictorial representation inadequate to the scene. It must be given, to be appreciated. It is said less than five thousand persons were present, and a large number of them from the Emerald Isle, whose honest hearts, whole souls, and sparkling eyes, responded through the tongue to the contents of the address. Their repeated huzzas, and cheers, both on the resolutions and remarks of the many speakers, showed that there was a warmth of feeling kindled, which I trust will not soon subside. The Chairman of this last meeting was me, who of course was entitled to that distinction; he is Mr. Garrison. For his honor, Georgia offers \$5000; his neck was once encircled in the streets of Boston with a halter; but now he was almost lifted into the chair by the tremendous cheers of the assembled multitude. Should Garrison live to see slavery abolished, it would not surprise me if the South were more just toward him, than it was toward Whitney, for his invention of the cotton-gin. Georgia may yet do herself honor by awarding to him \$5000, and other slaveholding States follow her example. Stranger things than this have come to pass within my recollection. What a change of feeling there must be in Boston since 1835. Now the Old Cradle of Liberty opened to the abolitionists, that they and the Irish in the city might meet to rock liberty once more within its venerated walls; and if through the eye the multitude needed emulation, it was before them when they beheld looking down on them, Washington, John Hancock, General Warren, the founder of the Hall, and last, though not least, the sturdy defender of the right of petition, John Quincy Adams.

No man can tell what may be the results of this last meeting on our cause. Irish hearts beat high for liberty, find them where you may. If they did not, they could not as *Catholics take shelter in the church*. I think I can bless the God of Heaven that the anti-slavery cause has for its defenders the Pope of Rome, and among the laity such men as Daniel O'Connell, Theobald Mathew, Dr. Madden, all of Ireland; and the many prominent characters in her communion in England, and especially in France. Let the adopted citizens of America labor to extend to all the inhabitants of the land, the freedom which they themselves came here to enjoy, and to hand down to their posterity, and the days of slavery are numbered. The hearts of hundreds, if not thousands, were at the meeting, at least pledged to carry out the principles of the Address, just as much as though they had received the pledge of eternal hostility from Father Mathew; and I doubt not they will do so, if the seed sown be nurtured by our Boston friends. They have promised to do so; they have the ability, and I hope the determination of purpose to redeem the promise. It is their privilege to cultivate and direct the Irish mind into the advocacy of liberty for all mankind, irrespective of color or clime.

Frederick Douglass, the fugitive from slavery, was in attendance; and it is saying but little that in the Melodeon, as well as the State House, and Faneuil Hall, he shone brightly. Both Frederick and Lumsford Lane are noble specimens of humanity. God made them men; slavery made them into chattels personal. They possess powerful minds, and are logical reasoners. Lumsford had an opportunity to tell the story of his wife, and their six children, all of whom are now in bondage in North Carolina. Their so-called owner says they are worth \$3000; but as I understand, paid \$1000 for himself, he feels disposed to let them go for \$2500. A collection was taken up to aid him, and \$103 were contributed. He is now minus about \$400.

Our Boston friends have large hearts, keep open house, and have free discussion. If you want your spirit refreshed, and your countenances sharpened by meeting a brotherhood of men and women, true to humanity, go if you can to the next anniversary, or the annual meeting of the New-England Society; and take a long and deep draught with them at the pure fountain of abolitionism. In saying this, I wish it to be understood that they advocate moral suasion, and the carrying of anti-slavery morality into every department of life that circumstances may lead them into. Desiring the Divine blessing on all their endeavors that are consistent with our Heavenly Father's will, I subscribe myself in the matter, to give us due notice, that we may be there too.

JAMES C. FULLER.

From the Herald of Freedom, of the 4th instant:

Of the meeting during the day, we learn nothing—but we hear that the evening meeting was an enthusiastic and most glorious affair. Five thousand people, it is said, thronged in and about the Hall, and in their responses to the speeches of the occasion, made the Old Cradle of Liberty rock as in days of yore. TWO THOUSAND IRISHMEN were there—and when the Address of O'Connell and Father Mathew, and the sixty thousand men of Ireland, to the Irishmen of America, urging them as *Irishmen*, to join the abolitionists, was read—they made the Old Hall ring again! God bless the Irish heart every where! It always sympathizes with the wronged. We wish we had been there, to have shouted for liberty with them. If the Old Cradle is to have another such rocking, we hereby request our friend John A. Collins, who we think will have a hand in the matter, to give us due notice, that we may be there too.

A real genuine, (none of your counterfeit) LIBERTY MEETING IN FANEUIL HALL! And two THOUSAND IRISHMEN in attendance! Think of that, American Deputies! Yes—and the meeting addressed by Wendell Phillips and Edmund Quincy—old revolutionary blood courses there! And Charles Lenox Remond, BLACK man! Frederick DOUGLASS, RUNAWAY SLAVE!!! Think of that, ye miserable flesh-mongers who are trying to excommunicate the venerable John Quincy Adams from your ranks! Congressmen, fugitives living the *San Adams* before a Boston audience in Faneuil Hall—did you ever hear of *Paul*? and all amid the most enthusiastic cheering! Aye—and one more fact for you—William Lloyd Garrison in the Chair! Think of these things, ye friends of slavery—for your end draweth nigh, and your destruction is even now waiting at the door! Immediate reparation is your only safety.

From the same paper of the 11th inst.

We have recently witnessed some of the most magnificent meetings ever held in the Old Bay State since the starting of the anti-slavery enterprise. The People of the Land are swelling the triumphs and lengthening the train of anti-slavery in Massachusetts. Down-trodden and outlawed Humanity there, holds her gatherings not now in Julian Hall or Chardon Street stables, but in the ample Marthoroughs and Melodeons. The haughty State House flags open its portals to the "niggers" and the "fanatics," and the Speaker's platform is trodden by the fugitive slave, while the old legislative amphitheatre around it sends back responsive thunders to the incendiary interrogatories of Garrison; and Faneuil Hall rocks, like the sky in a thunder storm, as he ascends the Chair amid tempests of acclamation, to preside over the masterings of the People. We check our exultation to watch its influence on the Cause. We dread the courtesy of the politicians, as the old Trojan Priest dredged the Greeks, and the gifts they brought. They may prove as disastrous to anti-slavery as the Trojan horse did to the "heavily-defended" city.

Among the strangers present who took considerable part in the discussions, were friends Fuller of New-York and Miller of Vermont. We never saw friend Fuller appear so well. He was admirable, especially at the meeting in the State House. Our gallant friend Miller was a frequent speaker, and always animated and interesting. He has quitted the army, but has not wholly laid aside his military gait and manual exercise. His gestures are more like a Greek trooper, than a debating citizen's in time of peace, and he has an eye that would daunt a very slaveholder.

The meeting in the State House was one of exceeding entertainment and interest. The ample Hall was crowded to overflowing, like a court-house

at a capital trial, and with an auditory of a kind not often found at an anti-slavery meeting. Friend Miller led the way on the platform, in his heroic vein, and was heard with much applause. He charges an audience, as *Morat* used to charge at the head of a squadron of cavalry. It would take some time after him, for them to get drowsy, under the tame speakers. But tame speakers did not follow him. George Bradburn ran next, evidently feeling himself in his peculiar element, and on an arena where he had been used to triumph. He was greeted as a veteran Athlete, by the legislative portion of the auditory, and with tumultuous plaudits by the whole; and he sustained himself through a considerably prolonged speech, with every variety of forensic ability and eloquence. He was followed by Charles Lenox Remond, who well maintained his laurels, won as an elegant, correct, and forcible speaker, on the other side of the water. The meeting paid him the most respectful, and profound attention, and had Quaker Stephen Chase, the railroad overseer, been there, he would sooner have thought of taking passage himself in the boiler of the engine, than of asking the colored orator to the Jim Crow car.

We followed Remond with a word or two on the invincibility and inveteracy of the colored prejudice, and a brief recital of some of his receptions in public and private, when we were with him in Europe. We think it would have been an awkward business for any body to have shown him any disrespect, that evening, in that assembly. The cry then rose from all quarters, for Wendell Phillips, the Boston Orator, the modern Otis, as that now disdained name once bore the palm in the field of popular eloquence. He came forward, and we have never heard him speak with greater force, richness and beauty. The audience fully appreciated his elegant and powerful efforts. Had it been on some other occasions, Beacon Street would have honored him with a festival. Friend Fuller followed him in a speech of pathos and effect. Recent sickness had saddened his spirits, and imparted an interesting tenderness and solemnity to his remarks. We have never known him speak so well.

The next speaker who trod the platform was the fugitive Douglas. We have before spoken of this extraordinary man. He is about three years from the scene where he was born and raised in slavery, a human ox. It is truly astonishing that such many and lofty developments as he exhibits, could have taken place under that unspeakable system. He has the port, and countenance, and heroic "assurance," and almost the stature of the Roman Coriolanus,—and we could but rejoice in enthusiasm of spirit, as he presented himself to the gaze of the unwonted assembly. He reminded us of the "African Chief" in the verses—all but the chains, which he had spurned from his limbs—

"Chain'd in the market place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitudes,
That shrank to hear his name."

Garrison announced him, in his peculiarly grousing manner, as "a *thing* in the South." The idea seemed to fire the noble fugitive with the indignation of outraged nature. His eye flashed as he spoke in tones of appalling bitterness and significance, declaring that he stood before them that night a thief and a robber! This head, these limbs, this body," said he, "I have stolen from *my master*." We wish the United States Senate, and the poor slave master Tyler and his dark Secretary, who but for his politics and his degeneracy, were a brother and a match for the noble Douglas, had been present to witness his bearing and his speech. There was a group of young sprigs from the South there, probably from Harvard College, where *EDWARD QUINCY'S father* educates the young American in the principles of the plantation. They were sitting close at the right of the platform, and they looked as though they had received the pledge of eternal hostility from Father Mathew; and I doubt not they will do so, if the seed sown be nurtured by our Boston friends. They have promised to do so; they have the ability, and I hope the determination of purpose to redeem the promise. It is their privilege to cultivate and direct the Irish mind into the advocacy of liberty for all mankind, irrespective of color or clime.

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Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Feb. 9th. Mr. Waddy Thompson, of South Carolina, has been nominated as Minister to Mexico, and Washington Irving, of New-York, as Minister to Spain.

The Adams Case.

In the House, this morning, Mr. Gilmer presented the following communication, addressed to the Speaker:

February 8, 1842.

The undersigned, members of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, respectfully ask the House to excuse them from further service on that Committee. Recent occurrences induce them to doubt whether the removal of the present chairman of the Committee would meet the approbation of the House, and they are unwilling to serve with a chairman who has avowed opinions and persevered in a system of conduct which, in the estimation of the undersigned, have shown him to be an unsafe depository of this public trust, or of that confidence which is necessary to the relation between a chairman and the members of such a committee.

THOS. W. GILMER,
R. M. T. HUNTER,
R. BARNWELL RHETT,
GEORGE H. PROFFITT.

To the Hon. the Speaker
of the House of Representatives.

This communication was accompanied by the following letter from Mr. Johnson:

TUESDAY MORNING, 8th Feb., 1842.

DEAR SIR:—Indisposition will prevent my attending the meeting of the Committee on Foreign Affairs this morning; but it should be of the slightest importance to know what would be my course upon the vote for re-electing a chairman, after the removals of Mr. Adams in the House, and after his course in the Committee, in himself urging a member to move an election of chairman, and the manner of his disclosings and using the minutes of the Committee; I will say that for no one to vote for him would be, after these circumstances, to endorse his sentiments and to sanction his conduct, which I cannot do. Therefore, I should be bound in my sense of public duty to vote for some other person as chairman.

It would have been agreeable to my feelings, if I could have been relieved from serving on the Committee for several weeks past, on the communication.

You are at liberty to make known the contents of this communication.

Very respectfully yours,

(Signed) W. COST JOHNSON.

Hon. T. W. GILMER.

The letters were read, and Messrs. Gilmer, Hunter, Rhett, Profit, and Johnson were excused, at their request, from further service on the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

[Reported for the Liberator.]

Appearance before the Legislative Committee.

RAIL-ROAD CORPORATIONS, &c.

FEB. 10th, 1842.

The Representatives' Chamber was filled with deeply interested listeners at the hour appointed, and Wendell Phillips first addressed the Committee:

MR. CHAIRMAN: I appear before you in behalf of those persons, whose signatures are affixed to the numerous petitions now in the hands of the House, for redress of various grievances growing out of the existence of slavery. They may be described as consisting of two different kinds:—Those relating to the Rail-road Corporations—those on Florida—those that regard the course of the Senators and Representatives in Congress, with respect to the petitions and resolutions of this Commonwealth, on the subject of slavery—those respecting the rules and orders of Congress—those relating to our national points of discussion on the subject with Great Britain and the rest of the denial of the rights of citizens at the South. I shall confine myself principally to those on the rail-road corporations, though the most reprehensible offenders. By suffering their confinement, you place both the colored man and the white man in the hands of men who neither know the rights of others, nor care for the consequences of their violation; and what scenes are constantly liable to ensue, in consequence of their ignorance!

The freedom of the press is sacred and unlimited; and yet the laws punish such publications as must necessarily result in violence and molestation of these most reprehensible offenders. By suffering their confinement, you place both the colored man and the white man in the hands of men who neither know the rights of others, nor care for the consequences of their violation; and what scenes are constantly liable to ensue, in consequence of their ignorance!

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From the Liberty Bell.
THE DYING SLAVE MOTHER.
BY G. S. BURLEIGH.

Come to my dying bed,
Brother, and raise my head,
That I may see you sunset clouds awhile,
That in bright colors drest,
Hang o'er the blushing West,
Cloud upon cloud upheaved, a glorious pile!
Or, when the sun went down
Last night, in shadows brown,
What then I saw no human tongue can tell!
On such a sunset cloud,
There came an angel crowd,
Such as afar in heaven's bright mansion dwell:
And bending lowly down,
Had lent to me a crown,
But that I had not quite forgiven the wrong,
And all the evil done
By the oppressive one,
Who long hath bound us in his fetters strong.

They turned, and in the sky
Wheeled their bright ranks on high,
And waved the token from the clouds above,
And so they soared, they sang
Till heaven's blue temple rang
With songs of Hope, of Mercy, and of Love.
I saw amid that band,
With golden lyre in hand,
My murdered Leon, whom the robber slew;
To me, how passing fair
His ethereal features were,
Amid that bright and glorious throng, to view.
And there my darling boy
Poured out such songs of joy;
As make my spirit leap with rapture now,
While cherubs, rosy fair,
Hovered above in air,
And bound a garland on his sable brow.

Forward from his bright cloud,
My gentle Leon bowed,
And smiling, waved to my his chainless hand,
And still he swept the lyre
In concert with the choir,
As came his soft voice on the zephyrs bland.

Mother, O come to me!
Come where the slave is free,
In the blest land where tears may never flow;
Hero is no colding whip,
Whose cruel lashes drip
With gore, as threats in thy path below;

But all is joy, and peace,
And love that cannot cease;

And rest, the hunted seek in vain on earth;

The dark hue of the skin
Is no foul mark of sin;

But hand in hand the ransomed all go forth.

The holy men of old,
Of whom thou oft hast told,
When midnight hound the oppressor's eyes in sleep;

They stand around the throne,

To God, in solemn tone,
Striking their lyre, with never-ceasing sweep.

And O! enthroned with Him,
Whom all the Seraphim

With heart and tongue, in burning ranks, adore,

And to whom Angels raise

Loud songs of endless praise;

God in the highest, now, and evermore,

Is that mock Man of Woe,

Who died long years ago;

On Calvary's b'row, for men of every hue;

O love Him, ever, Mother!

Like Him there is no other,

So meek, so gentle, and so Godlike too.

When Death's dark valley through,

My trembling spirit flew,

I sunk in fear, to think that I was dead;

But when the Saviour spoke,

Words of such kindness broke

From His pure lips, that all my terror fled.

Mother, O Mother, come!

Come to thy peaceful home;

Here is no tyrant with his cruel chain;

But ch'rs, all their days,

Sing to the Lord in praise,—

And to the Lamb, that on the earth was slain.'

Then, as their rapturous song

Died on the air alone,

And the soft sunshine faded from the sky—

The glittering ranks rolled back

Upon their joyous track,

And darkness settled on the dizzied eye.

And, Brother! I will go,

Leave this home of woe,

Its joys and griefs, its fitter-lucks, and theo,

And with my boy above,

Join in sweet songs, of love

And praise to God, through all eternity!

Upon you cloud-hill's b'row,

I see my Leon now,

Waving his hand from his bright home to me;

O God! forgive the wrong,

That man hath done me long—

Brother, farewell! My boy, I fly to thee!

Plainfield, Nov. 11, 1841.

From the same.

GERON, KING OF SYRACUSE.

The most beautiful treaty of peace ever spoken of in history, I believe to be that which Geron made with the Carthaginians. He required of them that they should abolish the custom of sacrificing their own children. How admirable! After having defeated the hands of those Carthaginians, he exacted of them a condition, useful only to themselves; or rather he stipulated for the human race.—*Montesquieu, Spirit of Laws, Book 10, chap. 5.*

GERON OF SYRACUSE.—A SONNET.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Spit of Geron! from the realms on high,

Canst thou not come and visit earth once more?

Angel of Light! the world of man explore;

Refine thy virtues! fit him for the sky!

The palm of conquest still may time delay,

Still bloom perennial from the days of yore!

Come to thy conquered foes at once restore

The blessing lost of Nature's holiest tie.

See! in this land of Freedom's darling choice,

The pallid parent, deaf to Nature's voice,

Doom his offspring to the servile chain!

Oh! come and conquer! then thy law proclaim,

And bind the Anglo-Saxon father's fame,

Never to sacrifice his kind again.

From the same.

SONNET.

BY W. W. STORY.

Put back the swelling ocean with thy hand!

Leash up the winds—the seasons' course control,

Then quench the burning spirit, like a coal,

And puff Hope's burning away, by 'tis fanned—

But never until then; not sur stand.

The fadless stars, that circle round the pole,

Than Truth and Justice in the immortal soul,

Which man can see not out with Slavery's brand,

All noble souls will yearn to the oppressed,

Nor canst thou dam that inward sympathy,

That tide-like swelleth ever in the breast,

Even as the restless soul of the broad sea

Heaves its fresh waters up to purify

The stagnant pools, that on the marshes lie.

Dec. 3, 1841.

NON-RESISTANCE.

Physical Resistance to Oppression.

Mr. EDITOR:

In the Liberator of the 5th inst. I read, with great satisfaction, an address of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, expressly disclaiming all approbation of the doctrine, that the slaves in the United States would be right or justified in any attempt to recover their freedom by force of arms; and showing by sufficient documentary evidence, that the Society has ever disengaged any resort to physical force. In the same paper, (page 19) I read, with amazement, a resolution adopted at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, in these words—That, by all the principles on which we exalt George Washington and his brave compatriots, who delivered their countrymen from the chain of British oppression, we are bound to laud the courage and heroism of the Americans on board the Creole, and to warn the people against training and supporting man-making ministers and churches. About one hundred present, and heard with attention, the titles and self-importance of both.

In the evening, and on the following evening, I lectured in the town-house, on the following propositions:

(1.) That military defence, in individuals and nations, is a virtual rejection of Christianity.

(2.) That danger to property, liberty and life, in any nation, is in proportion to its means of military defence.

Endeavored to show that military defence, and more than it, are hostile to God and man, and to warn the people against training and supporting man-making ministers and churches. About one hundred present, and heard with attention, the titles and self-importance of both.

My surprise at this resolution was certainly not diminished at perceiving that the Chairman of the Committee, who introduced it, was the highly respected President of the Non-Resistance Society, and usually a most thorough proponent of the law of force.

This apparent inconsistency has perplexed me, and several of my friends; and I would respectfully ask you the question, whether the American and Massachusetts Societies differ on this point; and if the former is more pacific in its sentiments than the latter, whether the esteemed reporter of the insulated is right in his view. In the same paper, (page 19) I read, with amazement, a resolution adopted at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, and the strong approbation of the insurgents of the Creole in the resolution can be reconciled. In reply to this, you will confer a favor on a member of the M. A. S. S. and a subscriber to your paper.

J. P. B.

Letter from H. C. Wright.

Hancock, N. H.—Lectured three times here, in the Baptist Church, on Sunday. Several of the Congregationalists were present—absenting themselves from communion which was administered that day by Archibald Burgess, and his advocate, a Congregationalist of Christ. Archibald Burgess and his advocate advocate slavery and war.

Several of the members refuse to follow the sectarian compact as a church of Christ, and pay its consecrated and hired agent, Archibald Burgess, down upon non-resistance and Oberlin. He is fairly conquered; so I must go off the field for a season, or be carried off. An enemy hath broken into the citadel of my life. To that I must yield. I am waiting to leave Vermont and New England, and go to my home in Philadelphia, to recruit. I am now resting with PATTEN and LOUISA DAVIS. If affection and sympathy can win hearts, theirs ought to have won mine. They have truly been to my brother and sister. I was in affliction, and they ministered unto me. Their houses and hearts have been a home to me. Non-resistance, anti-slavery and temperance, on the East of the Green Mountains, have ever found warm friends in them. Humanity pronounces them blessed. May the Divine Awarder say to them—Well done—enter into the joy of your Lord. They have already entered into it—for they feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—THE 'FREE AMERICAN.'

What Does it Mean?

In an editorial in the 'Emancipator and Free American,' conducted by Joshua Leavitt, I recently saw a strong condemnation of the punishment of death for crime, and a desire expressed that it might be struck from the statute books. An abolition of capital punishment, as a matter of principle, involves the whole question of non-resistance, as any one can see. If it is wrong to kill man after he has committed murder, it must be wrong to kill him before, and for the mere intention. The whole question of armed resistance is involved in that of capital punishment. If the punishment of death is wrong, armed defence is also wrong. None have said this better than Joshua Leavitt, A. S. C. T. Torrey, Alanson, St. Clair, Nathaniel Colver, and the supporters of the Free American. None have tried harder to make it be believed that to 'love enemies,' 'forgive injuries,' 'return good for evil,' and 'resist not evil,' as understood by non-resistants, is infidelity, French Jacobinism, anarchy and blood. Yet that 'Free American' now asserts that capital punishment ought to be done away. 'Is Saul among the Prophets?' If so, welcome to the 'daring,' but bloodless conflict—bloodless on our part. If blood must flow, our opponents must shed it. God grant it may be ours rather than theirs.

My companion (John Orvis) went into Archibald Burgess's meeting Sunday evening, and into the monthly concert for missions, to speak for Peace and for the slave. Both times he waited for A. Burgess to get through—then arose to speak, but was dragged and kicked out of the house by two church members, NATHAN WOOD and JOSEPH HILL, in presence of A. Burgess, who looked approvingly on. Archibald Burgess is regarded as a minister of Christ, and his church as the church of Christ, by all the Congregational churches and ministers of the State and of New England.

The Congregational churches in New England thrust out and Lynch men for daring to come into their meetings to rebuke them for their support of slavery and war. They will not allow anti-slavery and non-resistance to be introduced and discussed. 'Lynch all who do it,' is their cry. In imitation of their example, a convention of their brother slaveholders and war-makers at Annapolis, thrust brother C. T. TORREY from their presence, and lynch him for daring to enter their presence to report their proceedings. The same spirit of violence, of slavery and war, that actuated the Convention in Annapolis, actuates their conductors, the churches of New England. In neither can Humanity or Christianity have a hearing. Those who hold up the sectarian, pro-slavery, lynching churches of New England, as churches of Christ, cannot consistently rebuke the Convention in Maryland. The Lynchers of Annapolis may say to their 'make-believe' Christian brother Lynchers of New England, 'pull the beam out of your own foul-stained criminal,' live and repeat.

THE CRETONE MUTINY—NATIONAL COM-PACT—FEDERAL UNION.

The very men who laid the revolution, and fiercely contend for the right and duty or armed defence, to call the slaves of the big Creole mutineers and murderers. They are mutineers and murderers, as were Washington, Putnam, Warren, Hancock, Hamilton, and all the revolutionary fathers. No more so—yes, not so much; for they had not so much light. The light of Christianity had never been open to them, as it had to Washington. Is it possible that this nation will, as a nation, censure those slaves for obtaining their liberty by arms and blood? All who do so, endorse the doctrine of non-resistance. Or will the nation approve? All who do so, say to the southern slave, 'Arise, destroy your oppressors; but be free, and we will aid you.'

But SELF-DEFENCE is the plea in both cases. The Convention at Annapolis met to defend slavery—to devise ways and means to protect and perpetuate the system of violence and blood. C. T. TORREY came among them to note their proceedings on that murderous day. The slaves must give up slaves and be abolitionists, or lynch their masters. Believing in the right and duty of armed defence, they chose the latter. The Congregational churches of New England, determined to hold Christian fellowship with these malevolents and murderers, met at the 'bold' meeting, and devise ways and means to revive and spread Congregationalism, with its slavery and war. Men come into their meetings to rebuke them and call them to renounce. They must become anti-slavery and non-resistants, or cast them out. Believing with their slaveholding brethren of the South in the right and duty of military resistance, they attempt to resist. It asserts that all men have an inalienable right to freedom—then hunts men with bloodhounds if they run away from slavery. The federal government has been a curse to the world, and will be long so regarded. It was framed by 40 men—20 of them kidnappers, and all of them men-killers. It is a compact of kidnappers and men-killers against Humanity and Christianity, against Human Brotherhood. Thus it has proved in fact, whatever were the intentions of its framers. Humanity and Christianity demand its overthrow. War-power and slave-power are its essential elements. No Christian can be a member of it. It can never be made an instrument of salvation, any more than the slaveholding and war-making religion of the country can. Both are doomed to become the contempt and execration of mankind.

BRUTE FORCE—MORAL SUASION. The Law of Violence—the Law of Love.

Two great parties are being formed among us—adopting physical violence as the basis of action—the other, moral suasion. Both aim at the same end, the vindication and protection of human rights—the regeneration and disenthralment of our common humanity. One party assumes that slavery, war, intemperance, idolatry, and all human wickedness, can be done away, a human being regenerated, and human rights protected only by moral means—by truth, love, forgiveness, long-suffering and submission to injury—the other assumes that these ends can be best accomplished by physical might, or military power, in the form of a political party—the ballot-box, human government, Congress, or a military organization. The moral-suasion party assert, that the enforcing, or military principle is the union of all the violations of property, liberty, person and life; and till Beezebub can cast out Beelzebub—till violence can do away violence, this principle can never be of any use in restoring and protecting human rights.

THE BRUTE FORCE party, or the political or ballot-box or military party, hold that right can be maintained, and wrong prevented in this world, only by violence in some form.

Nothing transpired worthy of notice, till the train had proceeded about six miles towards New Bedford, when Bird, in gathering the tickets of the passengers, entered the extra car occupied by Howard and four of his colored friends, and demanded their tickets. Three of them who had tickets passed to the conductor. Howard and one of his friends who came down from Boston in the morning train, were not in possession of tickets; one of the number gave the conductor a bank note in payment for his own passage,